A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,
Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to be inga
There without ranſome to
Diſgrac'd me in my happy
Sought to intrap me by inte
Rated my Vncle from the C
In rage diſmiſde my Father
Broke oth on oth, committe
And in concluſion, droue v
This head of ſafetie, and wit
Into his title, the which we
Too indirect for long conti

Blunt. Shall I returne this

Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter.* W
Goe to the King, and let the
Some ſuretie for a ſafe retur
And in the morning early ſh
Bring him our purpoſe, and

Blunt. I would you would

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſh

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Y

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Miche*
With winged haſt to the Lor
This to my cooſen *Scroope*, a
To whome they are directed.
How much they doe import,

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I

Arch. Like enough you d
To morrow, good *Sir Miche*
Wherein, the fortune of ten
Muſt bide the touch: For *S*
As I am truly giuen to vnder
The King with mighty and q
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and
What with the ſickneſſe of *N*
Whoſe power was in the firſt
And what *Owen Glendowers* ab
Who with them was rated firm

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